

HYMNS

... TO BE USED AT ...

SerVICES in Commemoration

... OF THE ...

QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

20TH JUNE, 1897.

... HYMNS ...

I.

O God, our Father's God and ours,
Before Thy throne we bow the knee :
Pour down Thy mercy's richest showers
Upon Our Sovereign's Jubilee.

We bless Thee for her blessed past,
For holy thoughts of things that were ;
For love that must for ever last,
And all Thy love to us in her.

For years of sunshine, calm and bright,
And storm clouds always rainbow spann'd:
For her sweet home, which sheds its light
On all homes of our fatherland.

And with our praises one strong prayer
From morn till night, from night till morn,
Breathes on the universal air,
And to the Throne of thrones is borne ;—

“ O Queen, God bless thee and defend,
God make His face to shine on thee ;
Thy God and ours, world without end,
Till earth keep Heaven's great Jubilee.”
Amen.

II.

Thousand stars in heaven are burning,
 Thousand flowers o'er earth are shed,
 Planets in their orbits turning,
 Plants in season wake and spread ;
 God the source of sovereign order,
 All their parts distributed.

God from Whom dominion springeth,
 He by Whom all monarchs reign,
 Who from chaos system bringeth,
 Powers destructive doth restrain.
 He to nations gives due office,
 And their mission writeth plain.

High in place and splendour standing
 Britain, strong in peace or war,
 Hath her Queen in midst commanding,
 As a bright peculiar star,
 Turn to her with veneration
 All her subjects near and far.

Grant Thy blessing, King of Glory,
 To our people, land and Queen,
 Still extend the stately story
 Of our nation, great, serene,
 Faithful, loyal, well-compacted,
 As in ages that have been. Amen.

III.

God of the White Eternal Throne,
 Where all men must appear—
 The false, the loyal—each alone—
 These fearless, those in fear !

Still bless with life Thy people's choice,
 Our Queen do Thou sustain :
 Through her we hear Thy sovereign voice,
 In her we own Thy reign.

King of all kings, and Lord of lords,
 By Thee her empire stands ;
 Thy spirit still inspires her words,
 Confirms her just commands.

Lord, on her festival look down ;
 And in that look divine,
 The jewels of her queenly crown
 With radiance new shall shine.

Trust, love, and faithfulness in right,
 These sparkle on her brow ;
 And sympathy, and equal sight
 For lofty and for low.

Send peace from East, send peace from
 West,
 Peace o'er her Island sea—
 Peace in this year that is the best—
 Her year of Jubilee.

Lord, make her people just and pure !
 Lord, keep them in Thy love.
 Give them the Crown that shall endure—
 Thy Kingdom from above.

Amen.

IV.

God of gods, and Lord of lords,
 King for ever reigning !
 Thrones, and Sovereignties of earth,
 By Thy power sustaining ;
 Low before th' Eternal Throne
 See a nation bending ;
 Prayer and praises for our Queen
 To Thy Courts ascending.

By Thy grace ; for sixty years,
 Throned in her high station,
 Guardian of Thy Church's weal,
 Safeguard of our nation ;
 She hath ruled, by Thee endowed
 With true wisdom's power ;
 Blessings in the years to come,
 Lord, upon her shower.

Precious lives from her dear side
 Thou hast willed to sever,
 Thus, with earth's best triumph song
 Pain is mingled ever.
 Jesu! raise our thoughts from earth
 To the land supernal;
 From the fleeting things of time
 To the life eternal.

May she onward, to life's close,
 Thy true faith confessing,
 All her trust in Thee repose,
 So find every blessing;
 And, when dawns the endless day,
 Told her life's long story.
 Saviour, bid her rest with Thee,
 Evermore in glory. Amen.

V.

Arise, O Church of England,
 And sing from East to West
 His praise, Who crowns our monarchs,
 Who gives his people rest.
 The maiden throne ne'er trembled,
 The widow'd arm ne'er faints;
 He keeps, in strength or weakness,
 The footsteps of His saints.

Yea, Peace in rich abundance
 Has flourished in her time,
 While, with her flag, the Gospel
 Speeds on to every clime.
 Light from her sixty summers
 Dark Afric's shores have seen,
 And India's sons of freedom
 Give thanks for England's Queen.

With one great voice of pleading
 Men cry from zone to zone,
 "O prosper, Lord, Thine handmaid,
 Unshaken keep her throne:
 This year of benediction.
 Bid hallow all the rest,
 While children's children round her
 Rise up and call her blest." Amen.

VI.

Lord of all thrones, in Whom abide
 Years past and years to be,
 A people's heart, a people's voice
 In praise ascend to Thee.

We thank Thee for the golden day,
 Which crowns the sixty years [love,
 Of lengthened sway and strengthened
 Of peace and vanquished fears.

We thank Thee for the queenly heart,
 Right womanly and pure, [still,
 That, crowned with grief, courageous
 Was royal to endure.

We thank Thee for the subtle bonds
 In joy and sorrow wrought,
 Which knit the people and the throne,
 As one in hope and thought.

We thank Thee for the broadening rule
 O'er many lands and seas:
 For opened realms and added store,
 Harboured with every breeze.

Lord, in the years which yet remain
 In duty make us strong,
 Heaven's light our guide, help us to fill
 The world with freedom's song.
 Amen.

VII.

British hearts and British voices,
 Lift to heaven your praise to-day,
 While the fatherland rejoices
 With the children far away !
 Praise your God, Who giveth glory,
 Till the welkin rings again ;
 Praise your God, and tell the story
 Of Victoria's noble reign.

Praise to God, for He hath shielded
 Sixty years her gracious throne,
 While the sceptre justly wielded
 Stayed upon His grace alone ;
 He, her Rock and her Salvation
 Through life's laughter and life's tears
 Hath exalted court and nation
 With his favour all the years.

Praise Him that her empire spreading
 Over all the world hath borne
 Christ's salvation, brightly shedding
 Radiant presage of the morn.
 When the traveller gladly greeteth
 In all lands the faith of home
 And one creed the earth repeateth,
 And at last His Kingdom come !

British hearts and British voices,
 Lift to heaven your praise to-day,
 While the fatherland rejoices
 With the children far away !
 Praise the Father of all merit,
 Praise with glory due the Son !
 And the co-eternal Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One ! Amen.

VIII.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen :
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the Queen.

Thou Who for three score years
 In sunshine, cloud and tears
 Hast kept our Queen :
 Still be her Guide and Stay,
 Thro' life's uncertain way
 Till dawns the perfect day :
 God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour ;
 Long may she reign :
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen. Amen.